

Suspirium Musarum:

THE
Sighs of the Muses.

Occasion'd by

The Death of His Royal Highness

Prince WILLIAM
Duke of Gloucester.

2 Chron. XXXV. XXIV.

— And He Died, — and all Judah and
Jerusalem Mourned.

*Omnibus esse Optimum, non Nasci; & Natos,
quam citissime interire. Plut. in Conf. Apol.*

Ante Obitum nemo Beatus. Solon.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by B. Harris, at the Golden
Boar's-Head in Grace-Church-Street. 1700.

Supplement

THE

State of the

of

The

Principles

of

of

— And

Jerusalem

of

of

of

LONDON

Printed and Sold by R. H. [unclear]

Room 1-12 in [unclear] Street

TO THEIR
ROYAL HIGHNESSES
THE
Prince and Princess
OF
DENMARK,
THESE
Sighs of the Muses

Are most Humbly Dedicated

by Your Royal Highnesses

Devoted Servant,

Benj. Harris. jun.

TO THE
SIXTH EDITION

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Britannia Lugens :

On the Death of His Royal Highness

WILLIAM Duke of Gloucester.

S CARCE had *Aurora*, from an early Ray,
Diffus'd her Light around th'Ætherial way,
When pensive *Celadon* advanc'd his Crook,
And to a flow'ry Mead, drove down his Flock ;
There, as with folded Arms, he Sighing stood,
And told his Passion to th' murm'ring Flood,
Before his Eyes appear'd a mournful Fair,
Distracted were her Looks, her haggard Air
Declar'd the Symptoms of a wild Despair ;
A deep Concern her beauteous Face o'erspread,
And wond'rous Paleness veil'd the blushing Red ;
Down her swol'n Cheeks, the Drops of Sorrow stole,
Whilst far-fetch'd Sighs rose upwards from her Soul ;
A purple Robe, distain'd with Tears, she wore ;
Her trembling Hands a Regal Sceptre bore ;
Th'Imperial Crown hung Nodding o'er her Brow,
Which seem'd beneath a double Weight to bow :
The Tragick Scene, the wond'ring Swain amaz'd,
And as Attentive on the Fair he gaz'd,

B

Her

Her August Mein betray'd *Britannia's* Form,
 That lay Oppress'd beneath the pouring Storm
 Of inward Grief, which shook her shining Frame,
 From *GLO'STER's* Death her mighty Sorrow came ;
 Just then, his Soul, freed from imprisoning Clay,
 Towards th'unfading World of Glory wing'd it's way ;
 After a Groan, *Britannia* Silence broke,
 And, in these Words, th'afflicted Heroine spoke.

Mourn, poor *Britannia* ! Wretched Queen of Isles,
 Once Thou wer't Warm'd with Heav'n's indulgent Smiles ;
 When Bright *MARIA* Grac'd the *British* Sphere,
 And Shone a glorious Light, Triumphant there ;
 But since Her beamy Shining was withdrawn,
GLO'STER arose, to Paint the chearful Dawn ;
 With streaming Day He Gilt th'expanded Air,
 And, once more, made it look, serenely Fair ;
 Scarce had his Beams display'd their Rosy Light,
 But were Involv'd in everlasting Night ;
 And from their Orb of Lustre, rudely Torn ;
 Mourn, wretched Queen, ah ! poor *Britannia*, Mourn !
 May gloomy Horror curtain round the Skys,
 And constant Show'rs, roul from their Starry Eyes,
 Till the descending Deluge, mixt with mine,
 Swell the vast Current, larger than the *Rhine* ,
 May boundless Grief dilate it self around,
 Till sick'ning Nature feels the aching Wound ;
 No more let *Sol's* Effulgency display
 It's usual Splendour o'er the fatal Day,
 Which from the World my *GLO'STER* did Convey ;
 But may it still the Face of Darknes wear,
 Or else be Blotted from the Circling Year :

Remorse-

Remorseless Fate ! Inexorable as the Grave !
Could nothing Bribe thee *GLO'STER's* Life to Save,
The Hopes of *Albion*, my peculiar Care,
More precious than my Life, or Soul more dear ?
Hadst thou thought fit on vulgar Souls to Prey,
Made of the courser Vein of Heav'nly Clay,
Thou might'st have Swept a Million such away ;
Calmly I could have borne that mighty Ill,
With Resignation to thy rigorous Will ;
But when a Prince, design'd to Grace my Throne,
In whom such Sparks of Kingly Lustre shone,
Must feel the Roughness of an early Doom,
And hence be Snatch'd in all His Verdant Bloom,
The pond'rous Blow affects my Life so near,
The Stroke's too Mighty for my Soul to bear ;
I Stagger with its Force, and sinking down
Amidst the rushing Streams of Sorrow, Drown :
Hadst thou laid Waste my Realms with purple Death,
And He been Freed from the contagious Breath,
I could have Brav'd the utmost of thy Spight,
And, with undaunted Courage, view'd the Sight.
In fruitless Prayers, the mid-night Hours I've worn,
Since from my Bosom He's so quickly torn ;
But, Pray'r ! which oft the injur'd God-Head Charms,
And of the flaming Bolts, his Hand disarms,
Has no prevailing Force to move thy Soul,
For to'ards thy Ears, its Soundings idly roul.
Could not the Smiles of his Seraphic Face,
Which fill'd with Glory the illustrious Space,
Charm thy rapacious Hand from plucking thence
The tender Flowers of blooming Innocence ?

But

But Beauty's Charms can no Attractions find,
 To soften with their Looks, thy Flinty Mind ;
 For then thou would'st have Spar'd *MARIA*'s Frame,
 And longer Bless'd us with That heav'nly Dame.
 In vain, Thee unrelenting, we invoke,
 For all must Feel the Tyrant's heavy Stroke :
 How Pleas'd was I to View the glorious Morn,
 On which this Darling of my Soul was Born !
 With the gay Wings of sprightly Joy fly round,
 Whilst, with exalted Mirth, the Hours were Crown'd ;
 Not thinking Night, so quickly would invade
 The radiant Day, with its eternal Shade :
 Ravish'd with Joy, I fix'd upon his Face,
 And mark'd the Beauties of each Princely Grace ;
 Pleas'd with the thoughts how He would Guard my Throne,
 When ripen'd Valour should his Manhood Crown,
 With all his UNKLE's Ardour added to his Own :
 A Scheme of future Joys my Fancy drew,
 And I, with Rapture, did the Thought pursue ;
 When God-like *WILLIAM* must from hence remove,
 To be translated to a S T A R above,
 That Lovely *GLO'STER* should supply his place,
 And from his Loyns might Spring a num'rous Race
 Of war-like Kings, which should o'er *Albion* Reign,
 Lead haughty *Gallia* trembling in her Chain,
 And strike a Terrour through th'expanded Main !
 But now those airy, flattering Thoughts lye dead,
 And are, with *GLO'STER*'s Soul for ever fled. —

At this, a new Supply of briny Showers,
 From her bright Eyes, in plenteous Streamings pours ;

Then

Then wiping from her Face the mournful Rain,
Revolving Grief assum'd its Voice again.

Who shall Support the Grandeur of my Throne,
When to the Skies my reigning Monarch's gone,
Since *GLO'STER's* Fall'n, who was to wear my Crown ? }
What foreign Arm shall then my Sceptre wield ;
Or, lead my drooping *Britans* to the Field ?
Who shall maintain the Brightness of my Name,
Which far out-strips the swiftest Wings of Fame ?
Or, teach my Subjects with a Soul sublime,
The rough Ascent of Honour's Hill to climb ?
None will appear, who, with a pitying Hand,
Will, like a guardian Angel, Shield my Land
From the apparent Storms of hovering Fate ;
Or save me from the Rage of Tyrant's Hate ;
But Lords of *Anarchy* will Tear my State ! }
Woes yet unfelt, torment my boding Soul,
And 'round my Breast these sad Prefagings roul ;
That when my *HEROE* shall resign his Breath,
A Royal Victim to impartial Death,
Imperious *Lewis* will from neighb'ring *France*,
Upon the liquid Main with Fleets advance,
And, with collected Force, my Peace invade,
Whilst I the harrafs'd Seat of War am made ;
Methinks I see him, Threatning from afar,
Dress'd in *Bellona's* Robes, tumultuous War :
Where shall I fly for Aid ? When *Gallick* Arms
Shall o'er my Island spread their loud Alarms,
No kind Preserver from *Battavia's* Strand,
Drawn by the Cries of my poor groaning Land,
In my Defence will lift his saving Hand : }

But all the Wealth, that now Adorns my Soil,
 Must then become the barbarous Victor's Spoil.
 Promiscuous Ruin shall my Realms embrace,
 And ghastly Slaughter show it's murd'ring Face ;
 In hostile Flames, *Augusta's* Tow'rs shall blaze,
 And bleeding *Britans* on the Fire shall gaze ;
 Ev'n Horrour, startl'd at the smoaking Day,
 From the dire Sight shall turn it's Eyes away ;
 My *Chalky Cliffs* shall Blush in Sanguine Streams,
 And crimson Floods mix with the Silver *Thames* ;
 Curs'd *Romish* Priests, my Altars will o'eturn,
 And abdicated Saints make fair Religion mourn.
 Prevailing Fancy, to my fearful Ears
 The screaming Shrieks of ravish'd Virgins fears :
 This very now, before my weeping Eyes,
 The black'ning Scenes of ruin'd *Albion* rise ;
 I shake, and tremble, at my distant Doom,
 And feel the pointed Pangs of Death to come ;
 Unless the GODS, Charm'd by the Voice of Pray'r,
 Bless Royal *ANNA* with another Heir.

Here ceasing *She* arose, and, with a solemn Pace,
 Withdrew her Shining, from the Verdant place.

Tho. Uvedale.

On the Death of His Highness the Duke of
 G L O C E S T E R.

W H E N Princes fall, and Kings resign their Breath,
 A universal Groan attends their Death :
 By These the Deity, at first, design'd,
 To represent Himself, and bless Mankind ;

To

To their auspicious Providence, we Owe
The Happiness the World enjoys below.
Why are they Mortal, and expos'd to Fate ?
Why not Immortal rather as the State ?
Princes and People shou'd for ever Live,
These to Receive the Blessings, those to Give ;
But Heav'n thought this too much, and wisely lends
Uncertain Bliss to Mortals, which depends
On Single Breath, which both in One Begins and Ends.
Thus, when a general Guilt calls Vengeance down,
And Nations merit an Almighty Frown,
Their Heads as *Nero* wish'd, in One are joyn'd,
So All, in Loss of One, full Vengeance find,
And punishing Heav'n's at once Severe and Kind.

And thus, when *GLO'STER* sinks into his Urn,
Three Kingdoms feel the angry Stroke, and Mourn.
The Youth by Nature Great, the Sceptre's Heir,
At once the People's Pride, and Heaven's Care :
So fair a Prince sure ne'er was giv'n before,
Such Gifts would soon exhaust its wasted Store :
No more we Ask'd, 'twas All we could Receive,
All too that an Almighty Bounty gave ;
We only Kneel'd to have the Blessing Sure,
Was He not so, we could not be Secure :
Till he for Government mature was Grown,
We beg'd the Giver would Conduct him on
By gentle Steps, and mount Him on the Throne.
What Hopes his early Genius did inspire ?
A glittering Spark of the immortal Fire.
Clear and Serene, like th' Morning Sun he 'rose,
And cherishing Life, and Warmth, on all bestows.

Brightly

Brightly He Shone with New-born Rays of Light,
 How Glorious had He reach'd Meridian height !
 Oh ! when he left his Orb, and disappear'd,
 A dismal Night, the trembling Nation fear'd,
 A gloomy Darkness to o'er-spread the Realm,
 And dreadful Storms and Tempests to o'erwhelm
 The wandring Vessel, had not *WILLIAM* steer'd the Helm.

E. S.

*Sacred to the Memory of His Highness, the
 Duke of GLOCESTER.*

Beneath the Pressure of the utmost Grief,
 And boundless Woe, admitting no Relief ;
 The Muse with Fountains mourns, Great *GLO'STER*'s Dead,
 And Sorrow now o'er Nature's Face is Spread.
GLO'STER, whose wond'rous Fame can never Cease !
 But on with circling Ages shall Increase,
 And to the utmost Verge of Time will Please.

Our Loss of Him the Gods will ne'er Repay, ---
 Eternity's too short to make th' Essay.
 A Loss ! We never can enough Condole ;
 So great ! It Shocks, Divides, Unmakes the Soul.
 The sick'ning World does sink beneath the Weight,
 And Dies with Pangs of Irrelentless Fate :
 The Globe's Insolvent ; and there rests to pay
 Eternal Hecatombs of Sighs away.
 O, *GLOSTER*, Pardon ! should I ask Thee, why
 Thou mak'st Procession thro' the *Galaxie* ?
 O, why so soon to the Ætherial Coast ? ---
 For, surely Gods and Heroes can't be forc't.

Ah,

Ah, now I guess---proceeds Heav'n's Jubilee ;
 Thy Loss Ours ends : But Theirs begins with Thee.
 Whilst here, Thou shone with all the Bloom of Youth ;
 With Beauteous Majesty, and Heav'nly Truth,
 Thy Presence chac'd all Noxious Ills away ;
 Our *Phosphorus* ! which brought the Rising Day.
 Thy Influence kept our blest Horizon clear ;
 Like Paradise we thought our Hemisphere.

The lovely Prince our noblest Passions fir'd ;
 He infinitely Charm'd, so we Admir'd.
 Extacies Reign'd while He was pleas'd to stay ;
 But Fate and Lethargies now He's away.
 Ah, might I freely my just Fears impart !
 Futurity will feel the rowling Smart.
 Ages to come will mourn Him as they Rise,
 In dire Laments, and Univocal Sighs.
 When Fame shall give His Virtues by *Détale*,
 Alternate Joy and Sorrow will Prevail ;
 Joy that such mighty Things of Him are said ;
 Sorrow, because the bright Possessor's fled.

Forgive me Heav'n, should I Expostulate !
 The Paroxysm, Ah ! ah ! is wondrous Great.
 Oh ! why scarce Lent, but you Command away !
 A *Raphael*, and a *Gabriel* never stay.
 Young *PAN* is gone ! The Glory of the Grove ;
 Subject of Wonder, and Eternal Love.
 He's Tow'r'd aloft, to His own Native Sky,
 To fill His Throne i'th' Heav'nly Hierarchy.
 And as He pass'd along the Diamond-Hall,
 Myriads of Angels to each other Call,

D

Quick,

Quick, Quick!-- Attend Him to His Glorious Seat,---
 And there, with Joys Ineffable, we'll Greet
 The finish'd Form, that makes our Choir compleat.

But we must Sigh for *Britain's* coming Doom,
 Her Guardian Angel she has lost so soon.
 Yet, might her Prayers, joyn'd with ours prevail!
 The Royal Issue never more shou'd fail.

And it would super-add a Joy in Heav'n,
 To hear a Child is Born,-- To hear a Son is Giv'n.

Augustin Ozell.

*On the much lamented Death of His Highness,
 The Duke of GLOCESTER.*

O Frail Estate of Sublunary Things!
 From meanest Subjects, to the greatest Kings;
 Things we Possess, how do they flit away?
 And we our selves as fugitive as they.
 In Six Days space, alas, we Joy'd and Mourn'd,
 Our Songs to Sighs, our Wine to Water turn'd,
 Waters that from our Eyes, so fast distill'd,
 As they wou'd have another Ocean fill'd,
 By Pow'r of humane Grief, may Pow'r Divine,
 Turn once again our Water into Wine!
 Soon as his Birth-day we solemniz'd here,
 Heav'n call'd him hence, to solemnize it there.
 Great GLO'STER, late Great *Britain's* hope, Adieu!
 At once at Age for Earth, and Heaven too:
 But yet we grieve, thou wer't possess'd so soon
 Of that thy Glorious State, above the Moon.

Though

Though Heir to Heaven, thou wer't to us so dear,
We would have longer yet enjoy'd thee here.
Farewell, Illustrious Youth, thy Death is mine,
Who had (at least) a Pension in Design ;
For, what is Life, when means of Living fail,
And unexpected Death shall cut th' Intail ?

N. C.

*On the Death of His Highness, the Duke of
GLOCESTER.*

A Gen'ral Loss, we cannot but Deplore,
The Duke, well grown, ev'n GLO'STER is no more ;
Our Infant-hopes, have sometimes been Destroy'd,
Depriv'd, almost as soon as we Enjoy'd :
But at such Age, O, aggravated Cross !
His Years advanc'd, have but advanc'd our Loss,
Leaving His STAR and GEORGE, as earthly Pelf,
He's gone, and now a STAR, a SAINT Himself.

Anonymus.

*In Ob. Sereniss. Princip. Gul. Duc. Glocest.
Julij. xxx. MDCC.*

REGALES Tristis Spes Anglia Luget manes :
Insula jam Sterilis, quam Viduata Doler ?
Heu Miserum ! Charitasq; Fides periëre priusquam ;
Nunc Charitasq; Fides, Spes periëre simul.

J. S. A. B. Reg. Nav. Capel.

A Pastoral,

On the much Lamented Death of the Duke of GLOCESTER.

*Ostendunt Terris hunc tantum Fata, nec ultra
Esse sinunt, nimium vobis Gens Anglica, duri
Visa potens, Superi, propria hac si dona fuissent.*

BENEATH a gloomy Tew's unpleasant Shade,
Which Nature for her mournful Swains had made,
Young *Thyrsis* Sorrowfully fate alone,
And, in these doleful Accents, made his Moan.

Farewel, fond Pleasures, I'll hence-forth Disdain
Your once dear Charms ; all earthly Joys are Vain :
No more, my *Phillis*, shall I seek thy Love ;
No more pursue Thee through the conscious Grove :
Whoever thinks of the uncertain State
Of human Life ; whoe'er does meditate
On the severe and strict Decrees of Fate,
Can have but little Relish for the Joys
Of this vain World, but count them empty Toys.
Time, swifter than an Eagle, flies away,
Not all our Store can Bribe one Minute's stay ;
Nay, should our Flocks the Altars daily stain,
The shortest Respite from our Ends to gain,
'Twere fruitless, Cruel Death, thou canst Despise
Ev'n Piety it self, and Sacrifice !
What, tho' w'are Young, and Lively, Brisk, and Gay,
Fresh as the new-blown Flowers are in *May* ?
Alas ! we know how soon they Fade and Dye,
Their Sweets decay, and they neglected lye :

But

But, ah, too partial Fate ! though now they fade,
Though now their Beauties in the Dust are laid,
E're long the Spring again will bring them back,
Nor Roses we, nor Lillies then shall lack ;
Nay, the worst Weeds, which we so much despise,
Though wither'd now, in Spring again will rise :
But Man, unhappy Man ! though ne'er so Great,
Though ne'er so much ador'd with Pomp and State,
Though in the sprightly vigour of his Bloom ;
Alas ! that Youth it self, can't 'scape the greedy Tomb ;
Though ne'er so Cunning, ne'er so Learn'd, and Wise,
When once grim Death has seal'd his dying Eyes,
His State, his Youth, his Wit, are all in vain,
He's gone, and Sleeps ne'er to be Wak'd again.
Examples of this kind we daily view,
But now we've one afflicting as 'tis New ;
Young *DAPHNIS*, whom the Swains so much ador'd,
DAPHNIS, who was with every Virtue stor'd,
DAPHNIS, in whom the Graces all did joyn,
Striving which should brightest shine,
DAPHNIS, whose early Merits fill'd the Plains,
The frequent Subject of our rural Strains
Is now no more, pale Death has clos'd his Eyes,
And in the Grave, ne'er to Return, he Lyes.
Now, who can chuse but Grieve ? What Flint, what Rock,
So hard, but such a Loss as this might Shock ?
What Eye can now refrain from Tears, to see,
Ah, envious Death, thy unequal Tyranny ?
Was he too great a Blessing, cruel Fate ?
Was he a Bliss too much for humane State ?
Could the Almighty Pow'rs no longer want
The wish'd-for Presence of this blooming Saint,

Than just to let him to the World be shown,
 And while amaz'd we gazing stand, He's gone ?
 Thus, when a blazing Comet does appear,
 The gazing Crowd stands gaping in the Air,
 No sooner are their Breasts with wonder fill'd,
 At the vast Light its glitt'ring Face does yield,
 But lo ! a sudden Darkness hides the Skies,
 And the bright Object's ravish'd from their Eyes.
 Reioyce, ye happy Pow'rs above, rejoyce,
 Let Hallelujahs fill the Angels Voice ;
 Let Hymns of Gladness through all Heaven Ring,
 And the blest Spirits meet in Crowds, and Sing ;
 So pure a Saint, such an uncommon Prize,
 Deserves the choicest Musick in the Skies :
 But as for us unhappy Swains below,
 E'er since we did this Heav'nly Prize fore-go,
 Our Mirth and Joys are turn'd to Sighs and Woe ;
 No chearful Sounds are heard throughout the Plains,
 But universal Melancholly Reigns ;
 Our tender Nymphs their Loss so much lament,
 And in such mournful Notes their Passions vent ;
 Not *Venus* self could Grieve, or Sorrow more,
 When her belov'd *Adonis* precious Gore,
 Gush'd from his mortal Wound, made by the Savage Boar.
 All the wing'd Choir, and Tenants of the Air,
 In melancholly Tunes their Grief declare ;
 Each mournful Flower hangs its drooping Head ;
 And Trees their Leaves for very Sorrow shed ;
 The hardest Rocks, the most relentless Stone,
 In flowing Tears, our helpless Loss bemoan :
 The Fields themselves forsake their usual Green,
 And in a dark, and sable Garb are seen,

Such as when parcht by a hot Summer's Sun,
And Jove no kindly show'rs of Rain sends down :
And now, (for I am not more senseless grown,
Than stupid Rocks, and Trees, and ev'ry Stone)
From my swoln Eyes whole Streams of brinish Dew
Shall daily fall, and yet my Tears too few,
Unless, with them, I could a Deluge make,
And in those Streams of Woe, my hapless Life forsake.

Thus griev'd the Swain, and thus express'd his Woe,
Whilst from his Eyes whole Streams of Tears did flow ;
But now his Sighs so thick upon him come,
They stop his striving Words and make him Dumb :
When *Damon*, shelter'd 'mongst some shady Trees,
Unseen, observes these mournful Passages ;
Fearing his Friend, with Grief, his Heart would break,
These tender Words he in Compassion spake :

Damon.

Great is the Loss lamented, I confess,
But Patience, Thyrsis, Patience makes it less ;
Cease, therefore, cease thy Fears, they're all in vain,
They can't recall thy DAPHNIS back again ;
No, were they never so profusely shed,
They're all in vain they can't recall the Dead :
Were the sweet Thracian Swain alive, ev'n he,
Who, from the Shades, brought back Eurydice,
He, whose delicious Harmony could move
The wildest Beasts in all th' Odrysian Grove,
Ev'n he, whose well-touch'd Instrument could Quell
Curst Cerberus, and all the Hosts of Hell,
His tuneful Strains could give us no Relief,
Ah no, he'd find th' Almighty Powers Deaf.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis.

Ah, *Damon*, were it some rude, vulgar Swain,
 Then, would I cease my Tears, and not complain ;
 But when I on his great Perfections think,
 Then am I ready, with my Grief, to sink,
 Then, then, methinks my Tears too slowly fall,
 Such Losses for a greater Tribute call,
 Could we dissolve in Tears 'twould be too small.
 Ah, Glorious *DAPHNIS*, had thy envious Fate,
 But to the Years of Man, prolong'd thy Date,
 How would the Plains of thy brave Deeds have rung ?
 What noble Acts would the glad Swains have sung ?
 Thy guarded Flocks might then have safely fed,
 Nor needed any Beasts of Prey to dread ;
 Those greedy Wolves, which ravage all the Plain,
 Thou, like a careful Shepherd, would'st have Slain,
 Ev'n now, though gone so soon, our rural Lays,
 Shall daily be employ'd to sing thy Praise :
 Thy Glories never shall forgotten be,
 Ages to come shall Love thy Memory :
 Ah ! could I, but, alas, it cannot be,
 Raise my weak Voice in Praises worthy thee !
 Had I, ah ! too vain thought, had I but skill,
 In the sweet Science, equal to my Will,
 Thou, *DAPHNIS*, should'st be celebrated more
 Than all the sacred Swains, that Dy'd before ;
 My only Theam should be thy Glorious Name.
 I'd fill the Groves, and Forrests with thy Fame ;
 The Floods should sing thee as they run along,
 And thou should'st be the Universal Song ;
 Each Bush, each Tree, thy Praise should Celebrate,
 Each Field accuse the hard Decrees of Fate,

That

That none, tho ne'er so Vertuous, Great, or High,
Can be exempt from Death, but all must Dye.

R. K. *Inter. Temp. Alum.*

On the Death of His Highness the Duke of
G L O C E S T E R.

B *BRITANNIA* is (as other Virgins are)
Inconstant, like th'unfettl'd, flitting Air :
For, first she'll Wed, and so a Husband have ;
Next, she's resolv'd to be no Marry'd Slave ;
She'd *Pick* and *Chuse*, such is her swelling Pride !
Or else *BRITANNIA* ne'er will be a Bride ;
She *Chose*, but Heav'n (before design'd to Cross her)
Sent an Arrest for the Young Duke of *GLO'STER* !
She knows not what to be ; --- When all is said,
She'd be a Monster, that's without a Head :
Pardon, *BRITANNIA*, this ; the Cause of Grief
Makes me Write (what I think at Large) in Brief.

B. H.

Lucretius to Epicurus,
On the Death of the late Queen MARY.

A *LL* things their Order keep, the joyful Sun,
As gay as e'er, does his old Circle run ;
The moon and Stars retain their former Light,
And do the usual Office of the Night,
No change in Nature known ; let fictitious *Greece*
Be fam'd no more for her audacious Lies ;
But, when compar'd with thee, false *Rome*, appear
As spotless, as her blue-ey'd Virgins were ;

F

You

You vain Historian of that darker Age,
 Who makes ten thousand Prodigies Presage
 Your *Cæsar's* fall, and call th' enlightened Skies
 To witness, and confirm your horrid Lies ;
 Now see your long applauded Tales disprov'd ;
 For, could the Gods, by humane Acts, be mov'd,
 They could not warn us of a Tyrants fall,
 And let the common Parent of us all
 Go unregarded down: Then 'wake, thou great,
 And learn'd Asserter of a free Estate ;
 Thou Pride of *Athens*, from the Dead arise,
 And ask those endless tearers of the Skies,
 Those whining Souls, that waste their Lives in Pray'r,
 And fondly think the Pow'rs above take care
 Of things below, if ought beneath the Moon
 Those Pow'rs regard, Why *MART* Dy'd so soon ?
 Why Heav'n does suffer some to Live, to be
 Plagues to this beauteous Frame of theirs, and *SHE*,
 The mighty *SHE*, on whom it seem'd to lean,
 And without whom ev'n Nature's self, in vain,
 Tries her old tott'ring Fabrick to sustain ;
 The lovely *SHE*, thus, like a Winter's Sun,
 Sou'd lose her Light, e'er half her Race was run ?

P. C.

On the Death of His Highness, the Duke of
GLOCESTER.

IF Wisdom could defend us from the Grave,
 Or Virtue her most strict Adorers save,
 Young *GLO'STER*, then, the Pious and the Wife,
 Had never fell to Death a Sacrifice :

But,

But, ah! Experience shows us 'tis in vain,
This fragil Life a long time to maintain;
For all must to those gloomy Regions go,
Nothing can shield us from the fatal Foe.

Alas, he's gone! the Royal Youth's no more,
And we must His, and our own Fate deplore,
For we have lost in Him the greatest Store
That Nature e'er produc'd: Weep, *England*, weep,
O'er all thy Land a solemn Mourning keep,
To testify thy Loyalty by Tears,
And shew his Worth to all succeeding Years.

I. B. Coll. Caij. Cant. Alum.

On the Death of the Late Earl of Roscommon.

I.

YE liquid Streams that flow from *Helicon*,
And fructify the Soil o'er which ye glide;
O! may the next refulgent Sun
Exhale, and stop the current of your Tide;
For, whither, whither will ye run,
Since that vast Sea, which held ye all, is dry'd?

II.

Henceforth shall all those mighty Torrents cease,
Which daily flow'd from your abundant Store;
For he, who taught to calm and raise,
To loose, or to confine within a Shore,
Wit, the most turbulent of Seas,
Lyes now unable to direct ye more.

III. Imperious

III.

Imperious Death, who throws her Darts at all,
 And proudly executes her rigid Trust,
 Who does both Shrub and Cedar fall,
 And favours not the Valiant, nor the Just,
 Nor with the splendid Funeral,
 Has laid the charming Hero in the Dust.

IV.

Sweetly he sung the upright Man's Estate,
 Free from those Dangers which the Bad pursue,
 Which whilst he seems to Imitate,
 Each little part is done so Lively, True,
 So Graceful, and so Fortunate,
 It does the great Original out-do.

V.

Then hence, proud Foe, thou may'st thy Captive lead,
 And boast the Victory which now you gain ;
 For know, when thy *Larnean* Breed,
 When all thy earthly Combatants are Slain ;
 Nay, ev'n when thou thy self ly'st Dead,
 This smallest part unblemish'd shall remain.

P. C.

Ad Mæcenam.

NOW wou'd I shew th' ingrateful World how kind
 That Spirit is, that doth Inform your Mind,
 With what Delights you're pleas'd to condescend
 From awful Rule, t' Embrace a wretched Friend :
 So, when he left his glorious Throne above,
 The suff'ring God express'd his mighty Love.

I wou'd, --- But Objects, that offend the Eye,
Conspire to bring another Prospect nigh ;
Those Scenes, that lookt so beautiful and fine,
When th' Infant Sun on Paradise did shine,
Now open to a Desert Wilderness,
That Men, more Savage than wild Beasts, Possess,
Who, led by Malice or Revenge, pursue,
And their own Kind, to do themselves no good, undo.

I'd sing in Numbers, as my Hero, great,
Could I their Rage escape, or Pow'r defeat :
But, as those Captive *Hebrews* were distress'd,
Whom the *Caldeans* for an Anthem press'd,
Grieving I sit in solitary Groves,
Where no Delight my fullen Fancy moves ;
Insensible I am of the Divinest Loves.

Shou'd I, so long, of an unconstant Fate,
The cruel Sport, for Inspiration wait ;
Buoy'd up with Hopes, the sacred Hill ascend,
As if (the whole World lost) the Muse wou'd be my Friend,
And both console my Breast, and my Despair suspend.

But *Orpheus*, when *Eurydice* was Slain,
Did, with harmonious Musick, sooth his Pain ;
The banish'd *Naso*, and *Boetius* sunk
Into Despair, both of th' Inspiring Fountain drunk,
And boldly sung in Numbers all their Grief,
Numbers, in which they found Divine Relief.

I, who Invoke the Muse of all the Nine,
That will to the most mournful Verse incline,
Assist in Sorrows, and dissolve in Tears
A Wretch, that of all Happiness, Despairs.

I, who have abdicated Peace and Rest,
 And think no Pleasures will console my Breast,
 Pleasures that are not with Perfection Blest :
 Charm'd with the Cadence of a doleful Verse,
 I will my Cares forget, and that Rehearse,
 Till I have learn'd a more exalted Strain,
 And can at once, the smiles and frowns of Fate, disdain.

Thus, of the whole conspiring World, secure,
 I'm unconcern'd for what Mankind endure :
 Serene, in all the stormy Winds that blow,
 Unmov'd as Rocks, o'er which, Mountains of Waves still flow.

Fame, that doth Persecute beyond the Grave,
 Is the most cruel Enemy I have ;
 Who yet, false as she is, and double Tongu'd,
 Shall not provoke me to complain, or say I'm wrong'd.
 There are but few, if any, who possess
 That *Apathy* the Stoicks did Profess ;
 But I, grown bolder far, make a Pretence,
 Without Concern, to bear the Pains of Loss and Sense.

A better Fortune, with like Scorn, I'll treat,
 And all her Flatt'ry, as her Frowns, defeat :
 Though here, Friendship and Love my Thoughts address,
 With all th' Ideas of Life's Happiness ;
 Urging the Sweets of Converse, and Delight,
 Beauty conveys to the inamour'd Slight ;
 What mighty Joy, the ravish'd Fancy charms,
 When fair *Eugenia* doth vouchsafe her Arms !

I know, Inchantress, that, with Beams of Light,
 You did once entertain my wond'ring Sight ;
 That, in your Bosome, as we did disclose
 Our mutual Loves, I found Divine Repose ;

Happy

Happy I lay, expecting full Delight,
But, *Seraph's* Visits are as Short as Bright.

Soft pleasing Dream ! that is alas, no more !
No more my Love ! too long I did adore
Frail Beauty, the mistaken Good of Life,
The celebrated Names of Friend and Wife ;
But searching where that Happiness is found,
Which the Soul's vast Desires and Love can bound ;
I did conclude, that Being Infinite,
Whose Beauty can th' Immortal Man delight.

The best of all Created Matter, is
Unable to afford us lasting Bliss ;
And our Repose, at present, doth depend
On our Opinion, who, in vain, contend
About those Objects that attract our Love,
Urge our Aversion, or our Sorrows move.
He must command the Region of the Breast,
Who will attain to an unchanging Rest ;
Make shining Reason her bright Sceptre Sway,
Whom all unmanly Passions will Obey :
From her Cœlestial Regimen will flow,
That Peace, th' Inhabitants of *Ether* only know:

Behold, Illustrious Friend, in Triumph, Born
A Wretch, of all Men the Contempt or Scorn ;
As when you lead, with all the World's Applause,
Victorious Armies, in your Country's Cause,
Some Captive Hermit follows you in Chains,
That o'er his Fortune, as a mighty Monarch, Reigns;

By your Example, Sir, I did aspire,
And, taught by you, from all the World retire

A Volunteer in Honour's gaudy Train,
 I long the Beauty courted, but in Vain.
 The Scene of Grandeur which you did Despise,
 To me appear'd an earthly Paradise ;
 That Glory I admir'd, admiring You,
 The Fountain whence my Happiness did flow :
 But your Retreat doth finer Thoughts suggest,
 And pointing to a perfect, an eternal Rest,
 Leads me to Happiness that cannot be express.

}
J. M.

Anglia Atrata.

Carmen in Obitum

GULIELMI

Gloverniæ DUCIS.

NYMPHA *jacens gemit ferali mæsta sub ulmo,
 Funeræâ obstipam fronde revincta Caput.
 Flendo sinus fædat niveos indigna ferentes :*

*Et tamen in tanto visa dolore Dea est ;
 Mars etenim, fertur, motus plangoribus altis,
 Accedens venerem credidit esse suam.*

*Dum PUERUM extinctum meminit ; Proh desine ! Clamat,
 Proh, quoties raptum flebis Adonin ! ait.*

*(Discite, lugubri qua lufit imagine Divum,
 Quid faciat Ridens ! Quid, modo læta, potest !)*

*Nympha parùm curans, luctus meditatatur acerbos,
 Mixtâq; cum Lachrymis jurgia crebra dabat.*

Crudeles

Crudeles superi ! — Sed non tamen Omnia vestri
Juris erunt : Saltem lugeat orba Parens.
Ast quid, Calicola, Soboles mea fecerat alma,
Quam puto moliri nē potuisse Scelus ?
Scilicet ante pilos, INFANS evaserat Heros,
Ac nondum puber caperat esse Deus.
Sic dum Juno ferox Alciden horret adultum,
Agreditur cunas invida Diva Sacras.
Impavidus ludat simulatus Jūlus in Aulā,
Talem securum parva propago refert.
Noster at Ascanius meditans Bella, Arma, Triumphos,
Zelotypum demum senserit esse Jovem.

Sic Humilis spernit Borean Saliunca tonantem,
Nobilis et pinus turbine strata cadit.
Chare PUER, quasi jam periissent omnia Tecum,
Vix superest nobis qui tua fata canat.
Unus erat Vates, hinc usque ad fœdera notus :
Hei mihi, quod tristis dicere cogor, erat !
Vox ea grata quidem sævos lenire dolores
Novisset, Cura, vox Medicina mea.
Præfica si, Drydene, sibi Tua Musa daretur,
Naturam credo, vel voluisse Mori.
O utinam Vivus felici Carmine numen
Fecisses Puerum, quem pia fama facit !
Cujus Apollineam superat laus ardua Plebem ;
Vendicat ingenium Gloria tanta tuum.

Infelix Mater, mea dum Spes Omnis in Unum
Congesta est Juvenem Spes mea tota ruit !
Urget quando Deos furiosa libido nocendi,
Effera vis saltem debuit esse minor.

Anglia jam flet: Sit quædam flere Voluptas,
Omne levamen abest! Dalcis Alumnus abest!

Audiit interea lamentum flebile Mavors,
Perdidicit Nymphes nomen et inde pia.
Mollibus adproperans verbis avertere curas
Nititur, et trepidum solvere Corde metum.

Vivit adhuc GULIELMUS, ait, mea Cura; nec ultra
Indulge Lachrymis: Te GULIELMUS amat.
Quicquid enim magnum Major Conceperat INFANS,
Maximus id totum Rex GULIELMUS aget.

E. Steadman A. B. è Col. Reg. Oxon.

On DEATH, a Pindarick.

I.

COME Life's long Hope, and on thy peaceful Breast,
My burning Temples let me rest;
O'ercome with Grief, press'd down with Loads of Care,
To thee for Succour I repair:
Thou Comfort of the Sick, and Ease of the Opprest,
Could Mortals all thy Vertues clearly see,
As much Belov'd and Courted thou wouldst be,
By all the World, as now thou art by me:
But, ah! to see how Good it is to Dye,
How full of Sweetness, and of Joy,
Requires a well-purg'd Mind, and quick enlightn'd Eye;
Bless'd Aaron's Lot, full wisely did he 'spye
Thy various Gifts, and well did count
To what incredible Sums thy Treasures did amount,
When to the Mountain's top, with Thee to meet,
His vigorous winged Soul drew up his aged Feet;

There

There unconcern'd, like one that goes to Rest,
Having first himself Undrest,
Whilst GOD, like *Moses*, and his own dear Son,
The Heir of his High-place, with Tears stood looking on ;
His well-pleas'd Head down laid the good Old Priest,
Home to it's Heav'n, the Spirit enlarged fled,
It's other parts within thy Arms were safe Deposited.
Thou art the Captive's Freedom, and the poor Man's Wealth,
The Sick Man, and the Lover's Health,
In vain of Goods, or Liberty,
The Living boast, for none are Free,
Or Rich, but only such as are made so by Thee.

II.

Ah ! let it not prejudice my Suit, that I,
Not out of choice to thee, but for a Succour fly,
Not drawn by Love, but to's'd by Weariness and Grief,
To thee I come, to beg Relief ;
Thou dost dispose, I know't, such solid Joys,
As well may win a Soul, that lyes
Nuzzl'd in Lap of warm Prosperities,
And never knew what Grief or Trouble is,
For well thou dost deserve our first and freest Choice :
But 'tis, alas, our Folly still,
Not to know Good, until we taste of Ill :
We're like Sea-Monsters, which, before
They're Wounded, never come to Shore ;
Nay, much Ill-usage we can bear,
E'er weaned from this World our Passions are ;
Too fond, alas ! of sensual Objects here :
So, when God's People by the Flesh-pots fat,
Enjoying Bondage easy, they forgot

Their

Their promis'd Country ; but the Iron Rod
 Of *Pharaoh*, and the toilsome Fire,
 Soon kindled in their Breasts a strong desire,
 Out of *Egypt* to retire,
 And Travel to'ards that happy Place, where God
 Had promis'd Rest to them, and safe abode ;
 A Land whose gentle Streams with Milk and Honey flow'd.

III.

They know thee not, whom thee, grim Feature, fide,
 And meager Shadow ; Names too vile,
 And much unfit for thee, whose ev'ry part
 Lays stronger Charms upon the Heart,
 And binds with sweeter force, than all
 That mortal Lovers Beauty call,
 Though hightned much by Fancy, help'd by Art,
 Through Opticks mixt with Envy and with Hate ;
 They look'd, who hollow Cheeks in thee espy'd,
 And Mouth with Iron Jaws extended wide,
 With deep sunk Eyes, and Nose down levell'd flat ;
 Thou art all Lovely, and no Virgin e'er
 So rich a Tincture on her Face did wear ;
 Nor such a fov'reign Wash to make her fair,
 Save She, whose blessed Womb, Man's ruin did repair.
 The Charms and Graces, which we find
 Dispersed here and there in Women-kind,
 Are all united, and sum'd up in thee,
 Beauty's richest Treasury :
 Oh, that in this thou wouldest too,
 The fairest Sex out-do :
 O that thou would'st not fly the more from Men, the more they

(Woee!

IV. Truth

Truth is, thou once wast such as we,
Fond tim'rous Men suspect thee still to be :
Thy Looks were Terrible, and justly might
The most resolved Heart affright,
Unable to endure the ghostly Sight,
And on thy gloomy Eye-lids sat eternal Night :
But now thou'rt Lovely for in thee,
No pale-fac'd Terror can be found ;
But sweetest Peace, and mildest Love is all we see,
The Blood which issu'd from my Saviour's Side,
By strange Transfusion fill'd each Vein
Of thine, with such a noble Tide,
That thou'rt grown fresh and young again,
Fresh as the Morn, young as a Virgin Bride ;
The Roses which thy Cheeks adorn,
Were there transplanted from the Thorn
That on his sacred Head did grow ;
His Innocence did deck
Thy Hands and Neck,
With Beads of Lillies whiter far than Snow.
Thy Shaft, which was of Old,
Headed with baleful Lead, He tip'd with Gold,
It touch'd his precious Heart,
And frait new Influence drew to dart,
Not Death, but Life, and Joy instead of Smart ;
And ever since thou'rt Lovely grown,
And ever since thy Face hath shone,
With borrow'd Grace and Beauty, not thine own.

V.

Thy Nature thus being chang'd, 'tis fit
Thy Name should likewise change with it ;

I

And

And so it is, thy Christian-Name is Rest ;
 Sweet Rest, whose balmy Hand at Night repairs
 The vital Spirits, and Strength, which Day,
 And toilsome Labour, wastes away,
 Of all God's Gifts, the softest and the best,
 The fruitful Womb of Peace, the Tomb of Grief and Cares ;
 But yet, 'twixt other Rests and thee, there lyes
 This difference, they bring short, thou lasting Joys ;
 They make us able to endure
 The long Disease of Life, thou the Disease dost Cure ;
 The only Benefit that from them
 We Reap, is, not to feel our pain,
 Save haply in an idle Dream,
 A while till we awake, then that returns again ;
 But when thy Pow'r is o'er,
 To Grief and Labour we return no more ;
 Of everlasting Life and Ease thou art the Door.
 Glory Divine we cannot claim, but by
 Thy Gift, and Liberality ;
 And he that hopes to Live must wish to Dye.
 But, truth to say, it is not the desire
 Of thee, but of thy Goods, that sets my Heart on fire.
 My Wishes are more Gen'rous than to be
 Reduced to my first Non-entire,
 I would not be unmade, but made a-new by thee.
 I thee, as Men rich Widows do,
 Not for thy self, but for thy Portion Wooe ;
 Nor should'st thou ever be Belov'd of me,
 Were I not well assur'd shortly to bury thee ;
 That, by thy spoils enricht, I may arise,
 More glorious Bands to Solemnize,

And

And change thy cold Love, for a nobler Flame,
The Nuptials of th' Eternal Lamb.

J. B. Esq ;

On the Crucifixion of our SAVIOUR.

John 19. 20. It is Finished. ---

I.

SO said th' Expiring GOD, and lowly bow'd
His Rev'rend Head.
Th' astonish'd murm'ring Crowd,
In Whispers ask, is He already Dead ?
His doubting Foll'wers Faith gives way to fear,
By Unbelief, urg'd to Despair,
They scarcely hope, This their Deliverer.
The Ensigns of his Royalty,
All ravish'd from Him, here they see.
The treach'rous Crowds now, Crucify,
Instead of loud Hosanna's, Cry.
The very Purple Robe, in scorn
Put on, with greater scorn is from Him torn.
All, besides the piercing Crown,
Which does his sacred Temples bind,
(For greater Torment left behind)
And the accursed Cross, instead of Regal Throne.

II.

Yet thus He Conquer'd, this the Mystery !
Whilst He expiring hung upon the fatal TREE ;
Sin, Death, and Hell, by him are overcome,
And feel in His sharp Pangs, th' approaches of their Doom.

His

His blessed Life so Pious, Just, and Good,
 And yet so eagerly pursu'd,
 By Hell's Officious Offspring, had not done .
 The mighty Work alone,
 For which th' Incarnate GOD came down.
 To Expiate Sin, and Justice to Atone.
 By Death the baffl'd *Demon* bruise'd his Heel,
 But his own Head the mortal Wound does feel :
 Hell little understood,
 That what the Saviour's Life begun, was finish'd by his Blood.

III.

The Battle ended, and the Vict'ry won ;
 He quits the bloody Field, and marches down,
 Down to the silent Tomb, Death's dark Retreat,
 He goes to finish the Defeat ;
 He forces the unhospitable Door,
 And breaks the hard'ned Chains;
 In which the gloomy King detains
 His Prisoners secure.
 In vain the horrid Tyrant Raves,
 At view of empty Tombs, and rifled Graves :
 He too must yield ; the Captives free,
 The Conq'ror Captive leads Captivity.

IV.

Attended with a Troop of Shining Saints,
 The God ascends to the bright Realms of Day ;
 Whilst, at his Chariot-wheel,
 He drags the Pow'rs of Hell,
 And does th' infernal Monsters, in their Shapes, display,
 Harsh Cryes, and loud Complaints,
 Urg'd from the Depth of Woe,
 With howling Curfes mingled, from them flow.

Fast

Fast bound with Adamantine Chains,
To lasting Shame, and endless Pains,
With Rage they own, He was a God that Bled ;
And by their Suff'rings prove, *His Work is Finished.*

Part of the Third Chapter of Job Paraphras'd.

THAT Inauspicious Night, that Nature gave
For my Conception, no more Being have ;
And that curs'd Day, let it no more return,
In which they said, that a Man-child was Born :
Let Darknefs cover all that empty Space,
That will to no created Light give place ;
May the Almighty, on that fatal Day,
Vouchsafe, of his Divinity, no chearing Ray ;
But let there be a Darknefs, black as Death,
And the affrighting State of Silence, drawn beneath :
Let none, who do such Calculations make,
For any part of Time those Minutes take ;
But from all number'd Years that space reject,
Which Nature did, to make or mar this Form, affect:

Or, if they cannot, in Chronology,
Blot out this Day, let it for Mourning be :
No tuneful Voice or Instrument be heard ;
But let it be to saddest Fun'ral Tears referr'd ;
Such Bitternefs and Cursing as they use,
Whose wounded Spirits all Delights refuse :
Nor let the Twilight Stars at all appear,
Nor dawning of the Day afflicted Nature chear ;
But let her Suff'rings universal be,
Suff'rings like those she hath bestow'd on me.

His blessed Life so Pious, Just, and Good,
 And yet so eagerly pursu'd,
 By Hell's Officious Offspring, had not done
 The mighty Work alone,
 For which th' Incarnate GOD came down.
 To Expiate Sin, and Justice to Atone.
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 Urg'd from the Depth of Woe,
 With howling Curfes mingled, from them flow.

Faſt bound with Adamantine Chains,
To laſting Shame, and endleſs Pains,
With Rage they own, He was a God that Bled ;
And by their Suff'rings prove, *His Work is Finiſhed.*

Part of the Third Chapter of Job Paraphraſ'd.

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Blot out this Day, let it for Mourning be :
No tuneful Voice or Inſtrument be heard ;
But let it be to ſaddeſt Fun'ral Tears referr'd ;
Such Bitterneſs and Curſing as they uſe,
Whoſe wounded Spirits all Delights reſuſe :
Nor let the Twilight Stars at all appear,
Nor dawning of the Day afflicted Nature hear ;
But let her Suff'rings univerſal be,
Suff'rings like thoſe ſhe hath beſtow'd on me.

K

Nature

Nature and Time for ever curst be;
 So oft, black Period, as they visit thee;
 Because they did not shut the Gate of Life
 Against me, in the Womb, but that, with Grief,
 My Parent was Impregnated, and bred
 A living Man, that had been happier Dead:
 Then had my Birth a sad Abortive been,
 And these curs'd Eyes, nor Light nor Sorrow seen.

Unhappy Mortal! Wherefore do I Live?
 When Death wou'd an Eternal Solace give?
 Alas! why, doom'd to such Contempt and Scorn,
 Did I not Dye as soon as I was Born?
 Why, cruel Women, did you not destroy
 A Creature born to endless Misery?
 Why, on your Knees, or in your Bosome laid,
 Was your mistaken Debt of Kindness paid?
 Else had I been, of Happiness, possess'd;
 And slept secure, in an unchanging Rest:
 My Dust, with Councillors and Kings, repos'd,
 The building of whose Monuments themselves dispos'd.

Those silent Urns in which our Ashes lye,
 With no Designs of wicked Men comply,
 They cease from Troubling there; and they from Grief,
 Whose wear'd Souls, here, vainly sought Relief:
 Captive and Stranger there together Rest,
 And are no more, with Violence, Opprest:
 No threat'ning Voice of Man can reach the Grave;
 The Tyrant, there, is equal with the Slave.

J. M.

Elegy

E L E G Y I.

LET your harmonious Musick cease you Spheres :
 Musick, that pleas'd us, now offends our Ears.
 Let ev'ry Movement be a Sigh, and ev'ry Tone,
 Solemn and awful as a dying Groan.
 Let universal Nature Grief express ;
 Nor can the Tribute to his Worth be less.

Summon *Apollo*, thy Immortal Seed ;
 Who may th' Inspired Number softly lead,
 With each a Cypress Branch around his Head ;
 With each a Verse, writ in the Tears they shed ;
 Their pious Off'ring at the Shepherd's Grave,
 Incense, such as themselves wou'd, dying, have.

You celebrated Beauties of the Age,
 Here, in the sad Solemnity ingage :
 You that are fram'd with the most tender Sense,
 And have in Grief and Tears an Excellence ;
 Without Restraint of Honour you may mourn ;
 There's no Infection lodges in his Urn ;
 No *Cupids* in his scatter'd Ashes lye ;
 They all forfook him, when he came to Dye.

See him repos'd, secure from Toil and Pain ;
 Nor proud of Love, nor fretful at Disdain !
 In Royal Ease, and unconcern'd at Fate,
 Not wishing to be Happy, or be Great
 The fading Roses from his Cheeks retir'd,
 And all the Graces, at his Death, Expir'd ;
 And all is lost that ever you admir'd.

}
 'Twere

'Twere barb'rous not to Weep, your *Strephon's* Dead,
With whose dear Breath, your wisht-for Joys are fled.

Insensible of your victorious Eyes,
More noble Objects now his Mind surprize,
As no vain Shows of Happiness obtain'd,
During this Life, no servile Passion reign'd ;
But with chaste Vertue, and bright Reason sway'd,
By glorious Hopes inspir'd, the Youth obey'd :
So now, by Death, sublim'd for Bliss above,
Joy'd with the beamings of Divinest Love,
In full Fruition of the Deity,
Th' unbody'd Soul Adores, and Loves to Ecstasy.

Then, in cool Thoughts, he scorn'd the Miser's Store,
Disdaining to be Rich, he durst be Poor.
He knew the Treasures of this World were Vain,
And found, in Vertue's Practice, mighty Gain ;
Fix'd and resolv'd against the Shocks of Fate,
Nought happen'd e'er too soon, or came too late.
A steady Piety was his Defence,
Against the darkest side of Providence :
Happy he Liv'd, conversing with his God,
And (early) the fair Paths to Glory trod.

Pleas'd with his Task, by ev'ry Stage he run ;
But e'er a fourth gay Lustre was begun,
When he had took of all the World a view,
When he all Learning, and all Science knew :
Not having found ought here worth while to Live,
And conscious what another State might give,
With eager haste, and with successful Pains,
He rais'd his Expectation to those happy Plains.

Too soon, alas ! we saw him take his Flight,
Up to the Mansions of Eternal Light :
Too soon for our Repose, who weep his Fall,
The blasted Youth, the growing Hopes of All :
Too soon he met Pale Death in all his Pride,
Yet, at the Grave, he Smil'd, and Conquer'd as he Dy'd.

In his last Hours, no Agony nor Strife
Appear'd, to shew he had been fond of Life ;
But as in Life, so in his Death Content,
Calm as th' Etherial Regions, unto which he went.

J. P.

E L E G Y 2.

IF 'tis permitted Souls in Heav'n to know,
What passes in our Vale of Tears below,
Blest Mind ! thy Triumphs for a while suspend,
And cast a look on thy dejected Friend ?
Whilst in rough Numbers, and unpolish'd Verse,
The artless Garb that unfeign'd Sorrow wears,
He Weaves a Garland to adorn thy Herse :
Accept the pious Off'ring, and receive
The last poor Tribute which my Muse can give.

Thy dawning Youth did gentle Rays dispence,
And shone with mild, but kindly Influence ;
Pleas'd with thy Light, we saw thee in the East ;
We saw thee with a Thousand Graces drest ;
New Beams discov'ring, still as thou cam'st on,
And, ah, too fondly ! hop'd a glorious Noon ;
Oh, why indulg'd to shine no longer here !
Oh, why so soon remov'd t' another Sphere !

As in a Confort various Parts unite,
 And feed the ravish'd Ear with strange Delight ;
 Thus Wit, Good-humour, and Humility,
 Held a divine Triumverate in thee,
 And tun'd thy Mind to perfect Harmony :
 Good-humour made thy Wit appear more bright,
 Like a fair Picture, in an artful Light ;
 Else half thy Beauties had escap'd our Sight.
 Or, whilst we did, with wonder, on thee gaze,
 A secret Envy had debauch'd our Praise ;
 But such full Worth all did with Pleasure view ;
 And, not content t' Admire thee, Lov'd thee too.

Oh, that I could a worthier Tribute pay,
 In Numbers, such as never might Decay !
 Such as once flow'd from *Dryden's* skilful Tongue
 When he the matchless *Eleonora* sung !
 This was thy Fav'rite Art when thou wast here ;
 In this thy Genius early did appear,
 And made us Wonder, when we did behold
 One Young in Years, and yet in Judgment Old.

Nor must we here pass unrecorded, by
 Thy nat'ral Love to Sacred Harmony.
 Abundant witness to thy noble Parts,
 Since none but lib'ral Minds prize lib'ral Arts ;
 Nor is it strange thy Soul advanc'd no higher,
 And understood not what it did admire ;
 For as hard Flints their fiery Stores conceal,
 Till the kind stroke of the releasing Steel :
 Thus, Institution can alone excite
 Those pregnant Seeds, and bring the glorious Birth to Light ;

Had

Had this been added, thou, for ought we know;
Had'st been a *Parcel*, or an *Angelo*.

Such were the Beams that lately blest our View,
And gain'd from all th' Esteem that was thy due :
All but thy Self ; for thou, with gen'rous Fire,
Born upwards still, didst to new Heights aspire,
And, scorning to look down, still thought'st thy self no higher :
From whence a wond'rous Modesty arose,
And strove to veil thy Charms, that did new Charms expose ;
So shining Lamps, within a Chrystal Case,
Strike double Lights through th' interposing Glafs.

Thus far I've held a Truce, with Grief, to show
A rough imperfect Sketch, of what thou wast below.
A gloomier Subject now employs my Hand,
Black Scenes of Woe, that in long order stand,
Press forward, and the Midwife Muse demand.

Methinks I see the dismal Courts of Death ;
Methinks I view the Regions vast beneath,
Horror triumphant midst a thousand Woes,
Around the Place its sable Mantle throws ;
No comfortable tracks of Light appear,
No cheering Sun to purge th' unwholsome Air ;
Thick with dull Mists, and poys'nous Fogs that breath,
From Loads of Putrefaction spread beneath ;
Silence and Night in dead Majestick Pride,
O'er these wide Realms with equal Pow'r preside.
See ! in the midst of an extended Plain,
A mighty River spreads its winding Train ;
Whose Streams of putrid Blood dragg'd slowly on,
Ends in a Cave, where stands the Monster's Throne ;

Here,

Here, in grim State, the grisly Terror Reigns ;
 Here, her insatiate Thirst the Torrent drains ;
 Down her vast Throat she rolls whole Floods of Gore,
 And, ne'er the fuller, yet gapes wide for more.
 Pains and Diseases, an unnumber'd Band,
 Compose her Guard, and on her either hand,
 In dreadful Order, wait their Queen's Command.
 With fullen Voice she calls her Slaves around,
 Whilst distant Caverns Echo back the sound ;
 And to a raging Fever doth bequeath
 The bloody Warrant sign'd for *Strephon's* Death.

Oh ! spare the lovely Swain, if thou can'st hear !
 Revoke his Doom, and be not so severe !
 See what fair Charms his youthful Cheeks disclose,
 Fresh as the blushing Morn, and sweet as th' op'ning Rose !
 Scarce the first Signs of Manhood yet begin
 To appear in downy Harvests on his Chin :
 Oh ! spare him yet ! too soon will *Autumn* come ;
 Blast not these tender Beauties in their Bloom !
 When hoary Age shall Snow upon his Head,
 Sated with Life, he'll then Implore thy Aid ;
 His Visage Pale ; his Blood mov'd gently round ;
 His Head, like pond'rous Clusters, bending to the Ground,
 He'll meet the gath'ring Hand of Time, and be
 A Present fully Ripe, and fit for thee !
 'Tis all in vain --- for see ! with eager Flight,
 The cruel Serjeant leaves the Realms of Night ;
 Mad, like an hungry *Wolf*, to seize his Prey,
 And, with such Fury, hurries him away,
 As Death had fear'd our Tears might bribe his Stay.

By what false hopes fond Mortals are betray'd !
 False as nocturnal Shows by the gay Fancy made !

When

When late recover'd of a Pale Disease,
That threat'ned Death by slow, yet sure Degrees ;
We saw the Youth resume an healthful Air,
And his reviving Cheeks their faded Red repair :
Our hasty Joys too soon dispell'd our Fears ;
We thought him now our own for many Years ;
Vainly, alas ! fix'd was his fullen Doom,
One Foe retir'd to give another Room ;
And when we hop'd he had a Conquest gain'd,
Fate but reserv'd him for a fiercer Hand :

So some tall Ship, that from the *Indies* comes,
Rich freight with Spices, Gold, and fragrant Gums,
Secure from Storms, whose Rage can hurt no more,
Strikes on the Sands, and splits in sight of Shore.

[*Otia quieta precor tutâ requiescite in Urnâ !
Et sit Humus cineri non Operosa tuo ! Ovid.*]

J. H.

*In Obitum Illustrissimi Principis, Ducis
GLOCESTRIENSIS.*

CEDITE nunc alacres, festivæ cedere Musæ,
Jam sileant placida fila sonora Lyra.
*Ni! mihi vobiscum. Facies Tristissima rerum est
Portendunt miseros omina tetra dies.
Adfint Pieria, mutatâ veste Sorores,
Sint sparce laceris Languida colla comis.
Luctus adest. Solos poscunt hac tempora Luctus.
Nec sat erit questus ingeminâsse graves.
Singultu crebro, lugubriq; ilia pulsans
Abreptum luget Terra Britannia Ducem.
Qui quartâ vix dum exactâ trieteride raptus,
Ad nativâ suum sidera pressit iter.*

M

Scand. nem

*Scandentem hunc rutila radiantia culmina sedis,
Excipiunt plausu sidera leta suo.*

Aspice, jam nitidi miretur ut atria Caeli !

Hospite ut exultet etiam Polus ipse novo !

Gratior haud nostris fulsit Lux altera Terris,

Nec nitet aetheriis clarior ulla plagis.

Spes erat, hæc faustis dum candida luxerit oris,

Aurea felices sæcla datûra dies :

At abiens citius Spes nostra recessit in auras.

Et gemit infaustas Gens miseranda vices.

Sic periit miseris Spes deplorata colonis,

In gravidos subitus cum ruit imber agros.

Vere novo quoties surgentes vidimus Herbas ?

Frugèq; abundantem lata per arva Deam ?

Unde exultanti Agricola Spes maxima crevit,

Se laturum operæ præmia digna sue :

Cum subito veniens, turbantibus æra nimbis,

Irruerit rapido protinus agmen aquæ,

Speratam frustra expectârunt horrea messem ;

Sternitar immodico flumine mersa seges.

Sic Spem, sic Gentis Lumen citò, munere terris

Hæu ! tanto indignis abstulit atra dies

Spes Britonum unum perit. Ah ! Quid nisi vota supersunt ?

Ne tria jam pereant cum Duce regna suo.

Pro Regis Reditu Votum.

ALTERA sola manes Mœstis GULIELME, *Britannis*
Spes, renovans Populi gaudia rapta tui.

Jam properes, nostras fospes rediturus ad oras,

Et faveat velis lenior aura tuis.

Teque reversuro, fileant fera murmura Ponti

Mulceat et solito blandior aura fretum.

Accipiatque, suum Dominum fidissima Classis,

Et tutum terris nobile redat onus.

Mœsta tui desiderio Gens languet, et optat,
 Et reditûs gaudet tempus adesse tui.
 Sic curis pressi, novæ gaudia Sensimus olim,
 Dum dedimus facili vota, precesque Deo,
 Spectatura tuam gauderêt ut Insula Classẽm,
 Effet et adventu facta beata tuo.
 Gens *Britonum* infestis vexata tumultibus olim,
 Dum tulit impositi ferrea vincla jugi,
 Flevit, et ingemuit, gravibus circum obruta curis,
 Ausa nec est animi sensa apêrire sui.
 Dira per attonitas sonuerunt fulmina terras,
 Et micuit rupto flamma trifulcæ Polo.
 Incubuit, spissis noxque horruit ætra tenebris
 Texit et obductos densior umbra Polos.
 Huc, illuc rapta est, fluctu lacerata tumentì,
 Tantùm non tumidis naufraga Pinus aquis.
 Tandem aderas Vindex, jurisque Assertor aviti,
 Liberaque excusso colla fuere jugo.
 Depulsis nituitque serenus nubibus Aer,
 Reddidit et placidum gratior aura diem.
 Horrida composito ceciderunt murmura fluctu,
 Et stetit incolumi læta Carina sinu.
 Debit hoc partis Gens olim grata Triumphis,
 Debet adhuc meritis hoc, *GULIELME*, tuis.
 Sensit et hoc lætus Populus, sensitque fenatus,
 Agnovitque suum Terra, Polusque Ducem.
 Neu tam conspicuo malè prospiceretur honori,
 Non solitæ est inium fœdus amicitia.
 Temporibus dubijs, numeroso milite cinctus
 Stabis, dum sequitur multa caterva Ducem.
 Quod si Pax placidis rediens citò candida pennis
 Prospera reddiderit Tempora, solus eris.
 Hinc famæ laus aucta tuæ. Potuitque Senatus
 Haud melius Patriæ consuluisse suæ.

Nam stabilis uno Te sustentante Columnas,
 Stabit fixa suo Terra *Britanna* loco.
 Consilij librata tuis, En! Machina pendet,
 Jam melius, dubias non subitura vices.
 Prompta peregrinos Tua Vis citò dispulit hostes,
 Sensit et iratam Gallica turma manum.
 Ast Majora paras animo, et meliora; *Britannus*
 Viribus, efficies, ne ruat ipse suis.
 Omine tam fausto lætat *Britannia* felix
 Pareat imperio jam, *GULIELME*, tuo
 Non certam reperire nequit Gens tuta Salutem
 Quæ didicit Tanto fidere velle Duci.

Ad REGEM.

ASPICE, Te prono submissa *Britannia* vultu
 Prosequitur studiis Officiosa suis.

Te rerum Columnen, Patriæ Dominumq; Patremq;

Te Spem, Te Populi Deliciasq; tui.

Jam Legum auspiciis pergas tutarier aquis,

Et regere imperio prospera Regna tuo.

Fausta quidem, et semper fatis usura secundis,

Ni nolint Domini mitia jura sui.

Nostra reportatas viderunt tempora laurus,

Plures spectabit mox oritura dies.

Quid facias, sentit, sensit, quid feceris, Orbis,

Quid sis facturus, secula læta canent.

Sæcla futura canent valide miracula dextra,

Diraq; consiliis Bella peracta tuis.

Belga celebre dedit Nomen, dedit Anglia majus.

Laudis at in partem hac venit, et ille tue.

Sed tandem Tibi cessuris, a pace petita

Cum Gallis inita Gloria, tota Tua est.

F I N I S,

